

Quid Novi

VOL. VII NO. 8

McGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
FACULTE DE DROIT UNIVERSITE MCGILL

November 5, 1986
le 5 novembre 1986

Jean Doré à l'aube de la révolution tranquille

Franois Cossette

C'est avec l'assurance dans le geste et une confiance inébranlable en ses moyens que le candidat du R.C.M. à la mairie, M. Jean Doré s'est offert en pâture jeudi dernier, à un auditoire disons-le sympathique à sa cause. Celui que son adversaire surnomme "le plus-que-parfait", lui-même ancien étudiant à McGill (sciences politiques), a livré aux quelques 60 étudiants présents au Union Ballroom un enoncé de politique compressé mais efficace dans un anglais impeccable.

En substance, le discours de M. Doré reprenait les thèmes favoris du R.C.M. soit la nécessité d'implanter des mécanismes de consultation publique, la démocratisation des structures de l'appareil municipal, l'absence d'un plan d'urbanisme global pour l'ensemble du territoire (Montréal est la seule ville nord-américaine d'importance qui n'en possède pas), l'attitude dictatoriale et imprévisible de l'administration actuelle créant ainsi un climat d'instabilité dans le milieu des affaires... Pour illustrer ce dernier point, M. Doré a repris l'exemple de la saga de la salle de concert de l'O.S.M. avec

les résultats qu'on connaît. Tout au long de son allocution, M. Doré a mis l'accent sur l'absence de planification urbanistique à Montréal ayant pour résultat un centre-ville qui s'apparente plus à un Berlin d'après-guerre qu'à une ville nord-américaine harmonieuse.

Au sujet de l'intégration des minorités, le candidat R.C.M. a promis

l'introduction d'un programme d'accès à l'égalité (Affirmative Action) dans l'administration municipale ainsi qu'un séminaire obligatoire pour les forces policières sur l'attitude à adopter face aux minorités visibles (notamment).

Il est clair pour M. Doré que Montréal doit s'inscrire dans une dynami-

Cont'd on p. 7

FOOD FIGHT

by Teresa Scassa

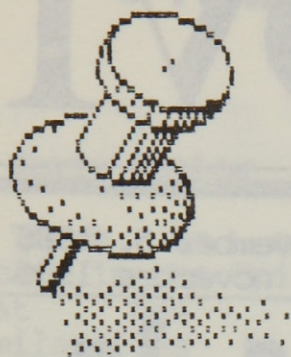
Do you remember that slick green paste of de-personalized vegetables that your parents tried to force down your gullet when you were two and helplessly pinned in your high chair? Chances are you spat it straight back at them, glaring defiantly from under your one tenderly combed lock of hair. You were radical then. A fighter. You didn't take garbage from anyone.

So what happened? Now you sit free and unbound in orange plastic chairs, manually impacting food by-products between your jaws. What happened to the energy, the fire, the youthful defiance that made

your parents think you might one day be bright enough to make it to law school? You traded in your diapers for blue jeans, and your blue jeans for something between Miami Vice and Ogilvy Renault. You get dates, and your friends ask you for summaries. But you still eat the cafeteria food.

Well it's just not good enough. Life is short, and quality is everything. A meal is probably the only thing you'll get three times a day and it should give you pleasure. Meals shouldn't be tawdry and bland. They shouldn't leave you wondering what you've just done to your body.

Cont'd on p. 6



Le Devoir

Cette petite annonce s'adresse à tous ceux qui aimeraient avoir, à l'intérieur de la faculté de droit, la commodité d'un distributeur automatique rendant Le Devoir. Cette commodité exige les services d'une ou plusieurs personnes qui va mettre, le matin vers 9h00, les journaux livrés par Le Devoir dans le distribution et communiquer à Le Devoir le nombre de journaux vendus quotidiennement. On recherche alors un ou quelques volontaires. Une des alternatives c'est d'aller seulement quelques 400 m. en acheter un au centre universitaire, proposition qui devient plus attirante vers les mois de janvier et février. Des intéressé(e)s veuillez s'adresser à leur président de classe ou toute autre membre de l'A.E.D.

LSA/AED

BOOK RETURNS

The last day to buy or return books at the LSA Bookstore will be Wednesday, 12 November 1986. Textbooks and casebooks from this semester will not be accepted for return after that date, so be sure to get to the bookstore before then. The bookstore is open Monday and Wednesday, 12 noon to 2 P.M., again, until 12 November 1986.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOTICE

ATTENTION ALL LAW STUDENTS

All law examinations are written by examination numbers, please pick up your number as soon as possible, starting the week of November 3 at the Student Affairs Office.

TALMUD STUDY GROUP

Wednesday, 1:00 P.M.
Room 203

Classes are led by Prof. J. Kaplan. Dr. Kaplan is a scholar both in Talmudic law and in medieval Jewish law and philosophy. He has written extensively in these areas and is responsible for major translations of both medieval and contemporary works.

NOTICE

Now that the repainting of the corridors has been completed, the lockers now located in the "west pit" and the L.S.A. lounge will be relocated.

A list indicating the new locations will be posted in S.A.O. Students whose lockers are in the affected areas are asked to consult this list.

In the interim, and until all bulletin boards have been posted, students are asked not to stick notices on freshly painted walls.

LSA/AED Meeting

To all LSA/AED faculty council members, and to all students:

There will be a general meeting on Wednesday, November 12, 1986, at 1200 hours in Room 202. If you want anything put on the agenda, please leave it in the LSA secretary's mailbox (in the LSA office) by Friday, November 7th. All students are welcome to attend the meeting. Thank-you.

Diane Sylvain
LSA/AED Secretary

Placement Centre

REMINDER

Students are reminded that once again this year the Law Institute of the Pacific Rim is accepting nominations for the Australian Summer Program. Our Faculty has been invited to participate in the competition for places in the summer 1987 program. This program offers law students an opportunity to gain legal working experience during the summer in Australian law firms. Second, third and fourth year students are invited to submit their C.V.'s, transcripts and a brief letter of application to Mrs. Higgins (Admissions Office) no later than November 12, 1986.

EDITORIAL

Dear Abby Initio

by Teresa Scassa

There was a startling rumour circulating the other day that a law student was actually seen at a law school event. Of course, there's no way of establishing the veracity of that rumour, since no one else was there. And even if the truth could be determined, it would be the ultimate in scurrilous journalism to destroy the reputation of that student by printing his/her name.

Of course, this is beginning to look like a ranting swipe at law school apathy. Actually, there's nothing wrong with apathy. If this semester is any indication, it may in fact be the political wave of the future. After all, what better response to dogma of the left, right or centre than the vacant gazes of those secretly pining to spend their Friday evenings curled around a thick and musty volume of the Dominion Law Reports.

Everyone knows that law school isn't meant to be fun. If it was, it wouldn't be any fun. Law school is the deeply private adrenalin rush of being humiliated in class by a well-directed question just as your study-sogged head is about to hit your four-inch binder in a long-postponed fit of terminal unconsciousness. Law school is the surging union of mens rea and actus reus as you vengefully rip the pages from some obscure case reporter while fantasizing about the stunned expressions of your mooted opponents. When they stumble upon the defiled

document in their quest for the highest grade. Law school is about beating people, not meeting them. It's about ruling the world, not understanding it. Right?

It's a shame when groups presenting budgets to the LSA can awe the room by stating they have more than ten members. It's a shame to realize that most of the groups have the same ten members. It's also a shame that the only real crowd-drawing activity is the weekend road-trip called the Law Games where all those who haven't yet wrecked their knees trade the confines of their own law school for those of another in order to execute feats of athletic excellence while wallowing around in an ever increasing puddle of beer.

So who cares? Well obviously no one, but it's a pity that at the least the first year students have not yet realized that there is life after lectures. Nobody can study that much.

We don't need an all-out worship of our institutional paradise. However, there is room for a lightening of the flat, humourless, atmosphere that is making this place feel like a barnful of scrawny cattle snuffling in damp straw. It's almost as if we were all dead. If this is the case, the verdict can only be suicide.

n.b.: The opinions expressed in this article are not necessarily those of the author, who could not be awakened for comment.

Dear Abby Initio,

What is sex? I forget. I've seen the word in the Charter. And in some of the case law for Family, Evidence and Criminal Law, but that was awhile ago. Could you refresh my memory? It's been so long.

National Programme IV

Dear So Long,

I would love to personally refresh your memory, but I'm behind in my readings. I feel I must point out that you will not find any sex (get lucky) in your casebooks or statutory materials. However, there is more graphic "reading" material available in a shop near McDonald's on Peel St. (between Dorchester and St. Catherine). Or you might try the film booths at the arcades on St. Catherine. I would advise you to hurry, though, and get these supplies before the new obscenity bill gets passed. If the foregoing does not satisfy you, latch on to a first year student. They've only been here a few months, so they probably remember what it's all about.



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by Brad Leithauser

My fingers having checked and re-checked my tie, I'm at ease - or nearly so. We're lunching high over Manhattan, a hundred floors above streets new to me still. He asks whether I

find the work "exciting." Behind him a buffet tastefully boasting shrimp, squid salad, paté, beef, chicken, cheeses, and some good marinated mushrooms, calls me to come boyishly away

and fill my plate a second time. And I'd love another beer. I think he thinks that one's enough. "Exciting? Very" - which is not untrue. "Best of all" - I'm speaking off the (starchy) cuff-

"I liked the document search in Tennessee." Indeed, I did. How strange, how fine to be a someone someone flies a thousand miles to analyze ancient business files! Now he -

but who is he? A partner, first of all, by which is meant no confederate or pal of mine, but a star in the firm's firmament. He's kind, though, funny, and lunch is going well

enough - the conversation light, the view vast beyond my farthest hopes. The kid's arrived at last: not just New York, but New York at the top. Just think of all the noontime views that passed

into the void because I wasn't here! Think of the elevated wines I never drank in this very room! The tortes I failed to eat! - Lunch here is money in the memory bank.

Why, then, wishing I were someone else? Why does my glance drift sidelongingly, my mind stray from his fatherly banter? When will I shake this shakiness? It's worse at night. I sometimes stay

late at the office. The place starts thinning out by six; cleaning women, outfitted to fight their bosses' daily disarray, marshal vacuums trashbins, brooms...

...After work, I'm roundabouting home through Central Park when a voice cuts short all questions. "Bradford." It sounds like someone I hope it isn't. "...Mark."

He's wearing jeans and a work-shirt with a rip in the neck, whereas I'm caught in the trap-pings of a Wall Street lawyer. As we lob our pleasantries across the Sartorial gap

he studies me. Mark's a poet too, if you take the thought for the deed - but who am I to talk? At Harvard, hardly friends, we were nonetheless drawn together by a fiercely sophomoric

contest: my potential's bigger-than-yours. He's just in for the day, he quickly offers, as if this were a kind of feat. City living taints the artist's soul - he's suggesting of course -

which is his old, still tiresome refrain. So why do I yet feel some need to justify myself to him, who, he tells me, moved to a farm, myself to him, who, he tells me, moved to a farm, myself to him, who, he tells me, moved to a farm, myself to him, who, he tells me, moved to a farm,

on Daddy's bucks. His dad makes pots and pots of money in securities - but let's not hear me griping at the rich while wearing one of my two two-hundred dollar suits.

Mark draws from a knapsack the books he's bought - Pound, Lawrence, Durrell (I thought he was out), Smart and Clare (safer choices, both being mad) and a surprising handsome Rubaiyat.

Mark asks about my job. He has me twice repeat my salary, each time bulging his eyes in sham barefaced amazement. Later, alone and gleefully free to wage my wars in peace,

I derail a quatrain (striking at that band of Harvard potters who'd "live off the land" a summer or two before going on for M.B.A.'s, just as the parents planned):

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou-
sands in the Bank; fleeting though Riches be,
And powerless, They comfort anyhow."

Yes...And all at once, summer's nearly through.
I return Parodies, a week overdue.
And I'm asked to join the firm, beginning next year,
with four months to decide...Oftener now

I linger at work, to watch how the setting sun
at once sharpens and softens the skyline;
sometimes - the better for being rare - the dusk-light's
perfect and, while occupied toy boats twine

the Hudson with long, unraveling wakes,
the sun buffs hundreds of windows, reglazes bricks,
ruddies a plane's belly like a robin's,
and seems to free us from billable time, from stocks

and bonds (both words a pun, ironically,
on hand-fetters), leases, estate taxes, proxy
fights, adverse parties, complainants, claimants,
motions to suppress, to enjoin, to quash, oxy-

moronic lengthy briefs, and the whole courtly game
of claim and counterclaim; seems to say we come
through drudgery to glory...Look - down there! Wall
Street's turned to gold at last! And there are some

silver nights of emptied offices, raindrops
washing out the glue on those envelopes
in which memories are sealed and the entire
cleared distances offered up, all the old hopes

intact, as if nothing's been mislaid. This obscure
sense that one's past is safely banked somewhere
finds confirmation each time the recumbent
city, touched by darkness, begins to stir

and with a sufferance that's nearly heartbreaking
undergoes a pane by pane awakening
until just as fresh, as sparkling replete
as last night, or any night before: not a thing

is lost. The frail headlights drift, as white as snow
it's fair to say. I'll leave here soon, for good, I know
"for good" is for the better, in some ways, and know
I'll be ready to leave. Or nearly so.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Prof. Bridge on medical negligence:

"Courts can count sponges like anybody else."

Prof. Durnford while talking about the social activities of another tax lawyer:

"Verchère's wife was taking him to lunch, and I was taking someone else's wife to lunch."

Mr. Ravinsky referring in tax class to spousal trust rollovers of depreciable property:

"If people keep remarrying younger people, they could defer their recapture indefinitely."

Professor Boodman in Consumer Law, October 28, 1986, at 14h35:

"I think you can rest assured that if a bank can take advantage of you it will."

(It was the Royal Bank. To paraphrase Lord Denning: "Poor old Marty Boodman".)

Prof. Foster, Property, explaining the rule against perpetuities and qualified estates:

"This is off the record and not to be reported. If a man is to remarry, he must do so within his life."

Mr. Levinson on property:

"...after the conquest property reverted to the British Clown."

The Road to Court: Paved with Gold

by Joani Tannenbaum

On Wednesday, October 16, the McGill Law Journal presented the Honourable Mister Chief Justice Alan B. Gold, of the Superior Court of Québec, as part of its Third Annual Alumni Conference. He began by pointing out that while it is true few lawyers actually ever appear before the courts, those who do find themselves confronted with horrendous backlogs, the result of an archaic, inefficient and stalemated system based on nineteenth century principles and traditions that are both non and counterproductive. Or, at least they did before the arrival of Chief Justice Gold in 1983.

Chief Justice Gold is a man with a mission. An easy-going, affable type, Chief Justice Gold's mild-mannered demeanour masks a will of iron and sharp discipline. Since his promotion to Chief Justice, Gold has taken Québec's antiquated system and transformed it into a well-oiled, highly efficient and smoothly run operation. In fact, throughout his lecture (which was liberally interspersed with humorous anecdotes), Chief Justice Gold compared the management of courts to that of any cost-cutting, profit seeking business. But in this instance, the profit is a speedy trial and justice accessible to all. The Chief Justice is the court manager, the judgement the finished product off the assembly line and the Court of Appeal the

complaints division. Relying on true and tried labour management principles and the four "P's", (people, public, plant and product) plus two of his own, planning and productivity, Justice Gold contended that as Chief Justice, he was required to have "the courage of Achilles, the agility of an acrobat, the foresight of an ancient Hebrew prophet and the strength of Hercules."

Apparently, Gold is well suited to the task. Since taking office he has introduced sweeping reforms to the procedural system

including amendments to the Code of Procedure and the Rules of Practice. Currently, pre-trial conferences or examinations on discovery have cut trial times by up to 50 and sometimes 60%. With a view towards balancing the private and public interests, Chief Justice Gold's goal for the future is trial by appointment whereby the lawyer, once his case is completely prepared and ready to be heard, will be able to elect a time in which to appear before the court. After listening to Chief Justice Gold, this prospect seems more of a probability than a mere pipe dream.

FOOD FIGHT? Cont'd from p. 1

The LSA cafeteria committee has been working on improvements to the cafeteria, but has yet to receive unsolicited input from students as to what they want and at what price. This is an appeal to the radical baby in all of you, that mashed-pea spitting fighter who was the terror of the baby-sitting world. Don't let your formal education bring you down. Don't let that ardent child be lost under layers of joyless cellulite. You were beautiful once. You could be again.*

In the name of pureed vegetables, show some support for the cafeteria committee.

* not a warranty

Forum National and the International Law Society

are honoured to present
the American Ambassador,
Mr. THOMAS NILES who will
address the students on
**FREE TRADE AND CANADA-US
RELATIONS.**

Thursday, November 6
at 10:00 A.M.
in the Common Room

Forum National et la
Société de droit
international

présentent Son excel-
lence, l'ambassadeur améri-
cain, Monsieur THOMAS NILES.

le jeudi 6 novembre
à 10h00

salle: "Common Room"
sujet: Les relations
Canada-E.U. et
le libre-échange.

Jean Doré
Cont'd from p. 1

que amorcée au début des années '80 par certaines villes du nord-est américain notamment Baltimore, Philadelphie, Boston et New York (pensons à l'impact de la campagne "I love New-York") dans le but de ramener à l'est un pôle de développement économique tendant de plus en plus à se déplacer vers l'ouest et le sud (sun belt). Ce phénomène s'étant traduit au Canada par le déplacement de la métropole de Montréal à Toronto. Les efforts déployés par Boston pour récupérer les investissements et les emplois perdus pendant l'exode vers l'ouest doivent nous inspirer dans notre propre bataille pour reprendre la place privilégiée que nous avons historiquement occupée dans le développement économique du Canada.

Pour ce faire, M. Doré nous propose une série de mesures économiques dont la plus intéressante consiste certainement en une collaboration accrue de milieux universitaires et de l'administration municipale visant à créer un climat d'interaction et d'intégration profitable à l'ensemble du tissu urbain comme cela se fait dans la région de Boston par exemple. Une telle collaboration, si elle est bien encadrée, pourrait mener à la création d'une "silicone valley" en plein cœur de Montréal, mais surtout contribuerait à créer des emplois nouveaux et à freiner l'exode des cerveaux.

En un mot, Jean Doré nous a fait la démonstration, dans une prestation fort efficace, qu'il est la personne désignée pour sortir Montréal de sa grande noirceur et qu'il sera le

BRIDGE and Buckley

South the dealer:

NORTH

♠ 98765
♥ 9876
♦ 5432
♣ 5432

S.P.

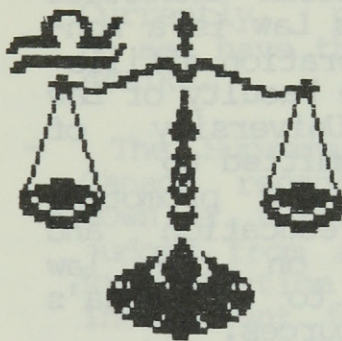
♠ AKQJ
♥ A
♦ A
♣ AKJ10987

EAST

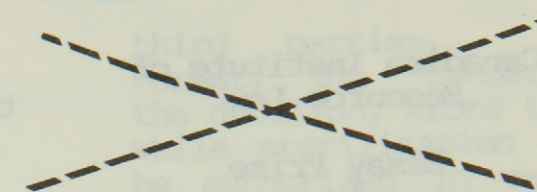
♠ 10987
♥ KQJ10
♦ KQJ10
♣ 6

SOUTH

♠ 65432
♥ 432
♦ 5432
♣ Q



maire du modernisme organisationnel et du dynamisme économique innovateur, et pourquoi pas? Il est d'ailleurs grand temps que Montréal se débarrasse des derniers vestiges du duplessisme encore existant dans cette province: l'administration Drapeau-Lamarre et ses héritiers. En terminant, faisons l'analogie suivante; Drapeau dans le rôle de Duplessis; Dupras dans le rôle d'Antonio Barette (ou de Paul Sauvé, au choix!) et Jean Doré dans le rôle de Jean Lesage, et Montréal vivra sa révolution tranquille le 9 novembre prochain.



The Bidding:

West North East South
- - - 7♣
Dbl Pass Pass Pass

Today's peculiar distribution was overshadowed by an unusual bidding sequence. The hand was dealt during a recess from a monthly meeting of the Cutknife Rodeo Association.

South's unconventional pre-empt did preclude the East-West pair from finding a four-four spade fit. It became apparent, however, that the South hand was bankrupt of high card points. West, counting 12 sure tricks, perfected a security interest in 3500 points by doubling smoothly. Game theory would suggest but one possible outcome from the resulting play: West pulled trump and seized everything.

At this point one might stop to consider what results we would deem appropriate from such bidding. Certainly the Nemo Dat rule of cards rings loudly: You can't bid what you don't have. The least-cost avoider, as it turns out, is North, the unsecured partner, who should never have sat down with South.

South's explanation for jumping to 7 Clubs? "I'd merely blurted an order to a passing waiter for seven such beers (club, club, club)!!"

(How dusty is it in Saskatchewan?).

Canadian Institute of Resource Law

Essay Prize in NATURAL RESOURCES LAW

To encourage the participation of student research, the Canadian Institute of Resources Law is offering an annual essay prize in the amount of \$1,000.00 for the best paper on any aspect of natural resources law.

ELIGIBILITY

- Enrollment in a law program at a Canadian university during the year of application.
- A paper which has received another award will not be eligible.

TERMS

- The prize will be awarded only if the paper merits it.
- The selected paper will normally be published by the Institute.

Papers should be submitted to:

Selection Committee
Canadian Institute of
Resources Law
Faculty of Law
Bio Sciences 430
The University of
Calgary
Calgary, Alberta
T2N 1N4

NOT LATER THAN June 30
of the year of application.

The original plus three copies must be submitted, along with a completed application. Application forms are available from the Dean's office.

The Canadian Institute of Resources Law is a non-profit corporation affiliated with the Faculty of Law at The University of Calgary, committed to undertaking and promoting research, education and publication on the law relating to Canada's natural resources.

ANSWERS

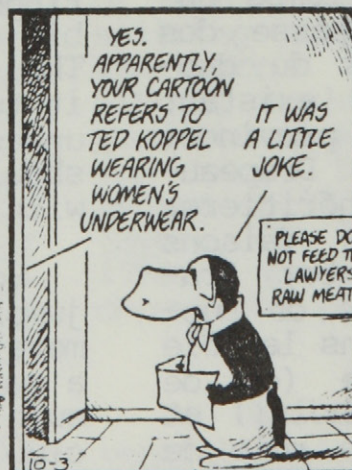
ACROSS

1. Bon père
3. repeal
6. casebook
10. retorted
13. Eagles
15. arm
16. Bleakhouse
18. failed
19. bill
20. National
21. Queen's Court
23. constitution
24. article

DOWN

1. briefs
2. appeal
3. re
4. preamble
5. Day
7. bar
8. Love
9. Peel
11. Temporal
12. draft
13. ER
14. civil
17. split
22. SCR

Bloom County



By Berke Breathed

Words Of Wisdom

Witnesses

Judge Seamus O'Regan of the Provincial Court of Newfoundland was present in St. John's when "one of the town drunks" was convicted of three offences under the Intoxicated Persons Act. The judge fined the man fifty dollars on each count "or, in default, eight days."

The accused looked innocently at the judge and said, "If it's all the same to you, your Honour, I'll take the hundred and fifty."

Witty Lawyers

A young lawyer was arguing his first case before the Newfoundland Court of Appeal. He expounded his position at great length, and in great detail, citing elementary principles of law.

One of the judges interrupted counsel and suggested that he get to the substance of his appeal, adding, "We're not complete idiots, you know."

"I'm sorry, My Lord," the lawyer replied, "I didn't realize that."

Pardon the Pun

Mr. Justice James Mitchell Cairns himself was no slouch when it came to punning. In a bestiality case involving a man and a pig, he delivered a line that's considered to be a western classic.

Three neighbours testified against the accused farmer, but since

P O T P O U R R I

- In a desperate effort to force the government to increase their salaries by 30 to 32%, effecting wage parity with their Ontario counterparts, ten Montreal Crown prosecutors refused to take on new murder trials last Monday, October 27. The Friday before, seven prosecutors called in sick saying they were "mentally unable to properly represent the attorney general" as a result of stalemated salary discussions. The president of the Crown prosecutor's association, Jacques Casgrain, reiterated that the prosecutors would not hesitate to strike should any of the ten protestors be suspended. Currently, prosecutors do not have the right to strike.

- The Supreme Court of Canada recently handed down a ruling barring judges from authorizing sterilization of the incompetent for contraceptive purposes. The unanimous decision emphasized the power of the court to protect those incapable of caring for themselves, and stressed that this power is to be used solely for the benefit of the helpless individual, not for interested

third parties. La Forest, J., rendering the decision, wrote that while sterilization may be authorized in cases of serious illness, this authority must be closely guarded so as not to "allow for subterfuge or for treatment of some marginal medical problems".

- Mandatory jail terms under the Criminal Code for second-offence drunk drivers are unconstitutional, the Ontario Court of Appeal ruled Wednesday.

- An Ontario district court judge has reprimanded police in Tillsonburg after they failed to interview an important witness in an alleged sexual assault case. Selectively producing evidence designed to support their contentions, Judge Chester Meisner likened their behaviour to that of the Nazis, in that "you just take whatever piece of evidence looks bad and you throw a man in Court". Apparently, the social worker police failed to interview would have introduced evidence that didn't corroborate the girl's allegations. In addition the Crown was unaware of the existence of this social worker.

all three denied reporting the incident and there were no other witnesses, defence counsel submitted that their evidence was not trustworthy.

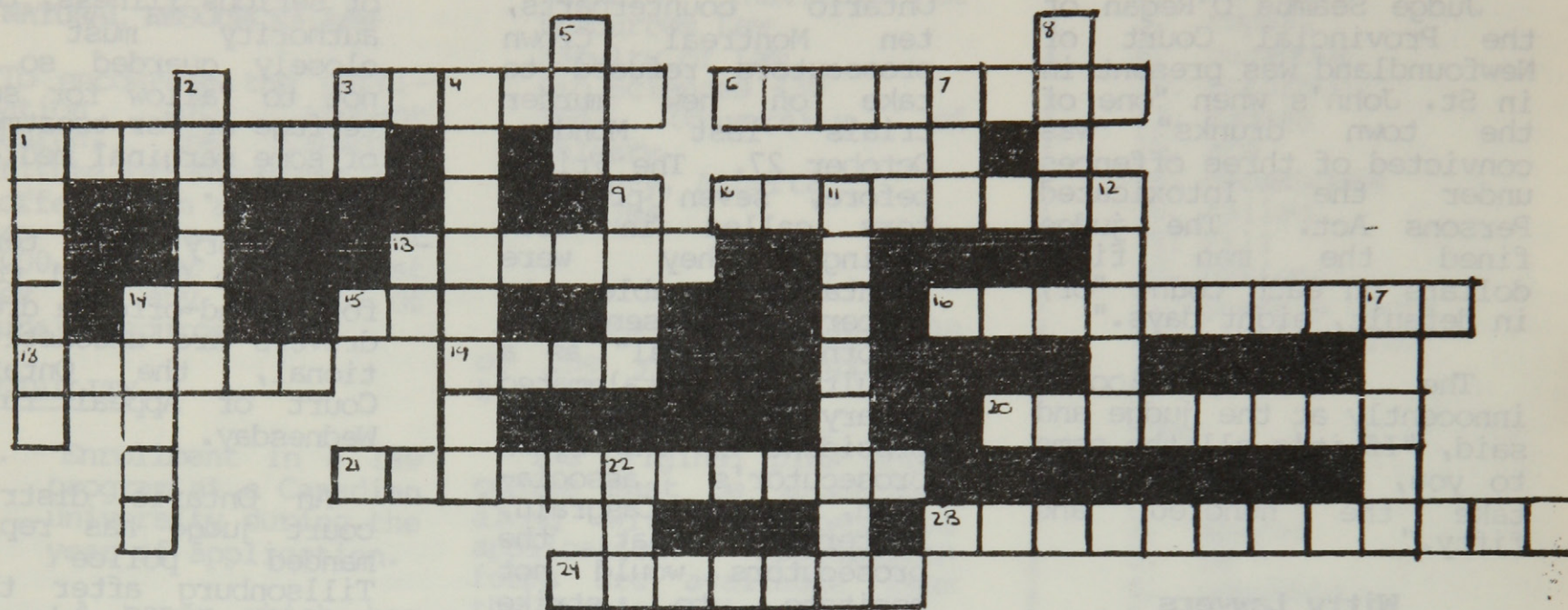
"My Lord," the lawyer said, "if they were the only persons who allegedly saw anything, and they deny reporting anything to the

authorities, who did report this alleged incident? How did the authorities even know about it?"

"Maybe the pig squealed," Mr. Justice Cairns suggested.

Reproduced from Court Jesters, by Peter V. MacDonald, Q.C.

Law School Crossword



CLUES

ACROSS

1. "_____ " du famille.
3. Ring the bell again - we're going to annul a statute.
6. "The _____ of Sherlock Holmes."
10. "I committed no fault!" She _____ hotly.
13. "Legal _____", summer movie.
15. "The long _____ of the law."
16. Dickens' novel about lawyers.
18. Opposite of successful (re. motions).
19. What a duck and legislation have in common.

20. Lloyd Robertson's program, for 2nd year law students.

21. Where Elizabeth II plays tennis.

23. Got Prof. Scott? You must have a strong ____.

24. When you finish reading one, you'll be doing it.

DOWN

1. Fruit of the looms? Or law school necessities.
2. Kind of court.
3. In the matter of.
4. Before taking walk, read beginning of a bill.
5. Chancellor, and Sandra O'Connor.

7. You're either drinking or practising before one.

8. "Lawyers In _____", Jackson Browne song.

9. It's a long way up the hill, Sir Robert.

11. Lords Spiritual and _____.

12. Type of beer, or modified Civil Code.

13. British Law Reporter (initials).

14. "There is room for politeness in the Code" he said in a _____ manner.

17. Applies to bananas and ice cream, or judicial decisions.

22. Where to find Supreme Court decisions (initials).